The Children's Paper

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THE
CHILDREN'S PAPER

DECEMBER 1923 THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.

Deirdre's Christmas Treat

By Constance Smith

"I SAY," demanded Priscilla, aged twelve years, in the dormitory one night some few weeks before the end of the term, "what are you all going to do in your holidays?"

The answer was universal and immediate. All the inhabitants of the six cubicles took it upon themselves to reply at the same moment as to their immediate hopes and prospects—all, that is, save one.

"I say, Deirdre, what are *you* going to do?" asked Priscilla, noting the silence of the youngest boarder. She felt friendly towards everybody as a rule; but in the new little girl, just ten years old, who had only come at the half-term, and who was still shy and quiet, Priscilla felt a very keen interest indeed.

"I don't know," she replied in answer to Priscilla's pointed question. "Not anything—I think."

"'Not anything!'" The whole dormitory of twelve-year-olds turned upon her almost accusingly. "'Not *any*thing!' And in the *Christmas* holidays!"

Then the truth was extracted bit by bit, and the excited inquisitors, one and all, became more and more concerned as, by means of direct questions and half-frightened answers, the private concerns of the youngest boarder became public property.

Deirdre, it appeared, lived with an aunt—an old aunt. "Yes, she was very kind." This in answer to some one. But she didn't believe in keeping Christmas. No parties had ever come to Deirdre's share—no Christmas tree; she had not even ever had a Christmas stocking!

Worse than this things could hardly be. A dreadful silence fell upon the listening group. "Haven't you ever heard of Santa Claus, or—or—*any*thing?" at last asked Priscilla, with wide, incredulous eyes.

"Oh yes." Deirdre knew all about *that*—she had had books with pictures, and had read them; but so far her knowledge went and no further.

"There's only one thing to be done," said Priscilla next day to her assembled friends, when they met to talk over this most unusual state of affairs. "*We* must do something for her."

"But what?" every one wanted to know. "We don't live with her, and we shan't be anywhere *near* her at Christmas-time."

"Then we'll do it in term-time, of course." Priscilla was decided. "We must give her *some* lovely kind of treat at the end of the term. A Christmassy sort of treat, you know!"

"A Christmas tree?" suggested some one. This sounded delightful, but Christmas trees would cost money. None of the juniors had much money to spare; and, besides, where would they have an opportunity to display it? Not in the dormitory; Nurse would object to lighted candles.

"Well, a Dormitory Feast, then?" suggested somebody. There was a loud chorus of delight at the suggestion, and Priscilla was dispatched by the rest of the conspirators to beg permission from Nurse.

But Nurse was "*very* cross" with Priscilla, and the spokeswoman returned with flaming cheeks. "I never *knew* she could be so unfeeling," the messenger reported. Priscilla almost stamped with annoyance.

A dreadful sigh broke from the waiting group. Somehow, Deirdre *must* have a Christmas treat; but how on earth was it to be arranged? Each of the five conspirators felt that she could not rest quietly in her bed at home on Christmas night if something had not been done to mitigate the stern lot of the youngest boarder in the school. It was not perhaps strange, then, that one and all suddenly uttered a shout of delight when Priscilla made the next suggestion. "What about a Christmas stocking?" she said hopefully.

The idea was a good one, and it grew better and better. Then Priscilla unfolded the most delightful plan of all. "We'll make it *really* like Christmas," she said. "It doesn't matter if it's the wrong day for once. And I'll dress up like Santa Claus. Father did it last year. It'll be just like real acting!"

The days simply flew till the end of the term. Deirdre was informed by her friends that the most tremendous surprise was in store. Whenever she came near there were whisperings; she was begged and prayed to remain always in her own cubicle, and to keep its curtains close.

But, strange to say, Deirdre felt more and more nervous as the days went by. What could be in store for her, she wondered. *It* was to happen on the last night of the term, and *in* the night.

By the time the last night of the term *did* come,

Deirdre went to bed feeling almost too frightened to go to sleep; and her slumbers were not hastened by the fact that the other little girls told her delightedly that *it* would happen just as soon as she did!

While she conscientiously tried and turned on her pillow, preparations of a secret and wonderful kind were going on. Priscilla in her cubicle was arraying herself in the most Father Christmas-like garb that the dormitory afforded. With the help of a large flowing beard borrowed from the acting-cupboard, a Red Riding Hood bonnet and cape, and a long white night-dress, a remarkably lifelike effect was produced, they all agreed; and the only thing that remained was for each child to bring out her respective Christmas gift—a parcel the contents of which was only known to the giver—and for the said presents to be placed within a pillow-case that was slung over Santa Claus's back.

This business also accomplished, there was only one event to wait for—the signal: Deirdre's first deep breathing.

It came at last, and none too soon. The waiting children were gradually growing sleepy; Father Christmas was rapidly becoming hot and a little cross; but the first sound of sleep that fell upon their ears from the cubicle of the youngest boarder had the effect of raising the spirits of the waiting conspirators as though by magic.

"She's asleep! She really *is!*" announced Father Christmas. "We'll give her five minutes more, and *then*——"

What the little girls imagined Deirdre's first waking exclamation would be is known to themselves only; but when Priscilla had bent over the prostrate figure with smiles and gestures worthy of Santa Claus of the pantomime, neither the watching children nor the well-meaning Father Christmas himself expected the events that really happened.

"Deirdre! Deirdre!" said Priscilla in her best "acting" voice. "Wake up! I am going to fill your stocking. I am Santa Claus!" And *then*——

Then up sprang Deirdre in bed, eyes wild and staring. Shriek after shriek rang through the dormitory, quite drowning the scuttling sound as four terrified little girls hurried into their respective cubicles, kicked off their bedroom slippers, and jumped into their beds.

Only Priscilla stood her ground. "Why, what-*ever's* the matter?" she said urgently. "Deirdre, I'm only Santa Claus, don't you see? It's a game. Oh, do shut up! Nurse will hear."

But Deirdre was far too frightened to do as she was told. She had gone to bed half in terror, and had fallen asleep with difficulty. Now she had been awakened by a long-bearded stranger, hooded and half clothed in strange garments, who in the dim light seemed far more to resemble a fierce brigand than the gentle Father Christmas.

"*Do* shut up!" begged Priscilla again. "I say, Nurse really *will*——"

Even as she uttered the word that august personage herself opened the door and burst in, her eyes full of amazement and horror.

"Well! upon *my* word!" she began; then stood still with surprise at the sight that met her eyes. "Noise like this, and at *this* time of night—Priscilla, this is some of *your* work! Off with those clothes. Are you frightening the child, or what?"

Nurse seated herself on the side of the bed of the now half-hysterical Deirdre and proceeded to deal professionally and briskly with the patient. "Sit up now, and don't be silly. It's only Priscilla!" Then to the offender, "Priscilla, I'd never have *thought* it of you—dressing up to frighten her!"

"But, Nurse"—the culprit was almost in tears—"As if I *would* have! I'm acting Father Christmas."

Priscilla's eyes really *did* fill with tears at the dreadful accusation, and a chorus of frightened but loyal voices from the other beds testified to the truth of her remarks. "It's all of us, really, Nurse," they explained. "Nurse, *don't* you see? Priscilla was only Father Christmas, because she acts so beautifully."

"Acts beautifully, does she?" said Nurse with a sniff, as she proceeded to minister to the still terrified Deirdre. "Looks like it, indeed.—Here, Priscilla, go and get that beard off. And—why, what's this?" She picked up a white bundle that had fallen to the ground in the general excitement. "Parcels! And in one of my pillow-cases! Good gracious, children! Whatever will you be doing next?"

"It's presents, Nurse," murmured the offenders. "We thought——"

"Precious lot of thinking *you've* done to frighten the child into fits like this!" said Nurse; but her voice was growing gradually less severe as she realized the facts of the case. "Sit up now, Deirdre, and look about you; and if they've given you presents, you may as well have a look at the pack of rubbish! You'll need something to make up for your fright. And if this is to be Christmas morning—although it's nearly eleven at night—you'd best all put on your dressing-gowns and come and look on!"

The next half-hour proved, as Priscilla afterwards declared, that miracles do happen sometimes; for every single one of Deirdre's parcels having been found, strangely enough, to contain goodies, from mince pies to almond rock, the next event was a Dormitory Feast at which, wonder of wonders, Nurse herself sat at the bottom of the bed!

"I'll never say that Nurse is unfeeling again," said Priscilla sleepily, when at last it was all over and every one was settling happily to sleep. "She's a perfect brick. A Dormitory Feast—just *fancy*—and with *Nurse* at it!" She fell asleep still marvelling.

But Nurse's miraculous behaviour was due also, perhaps, to professional reasons. "A Dormitory Feast, and you allowed it, Nurse!" exclaimed the house-mistress half an hour later, when the story was in progress of being told. "What*ever* next?"

"Well, and you'd have needed a Dormitory Feast yourself, Miss Saunders, if you'd been awakened by Priscilla looking the sight she did in those Santa Claus clothes!" retorted Nurse. "Well, Christmas comes but once a year, thank goodness!" and Nurse went chuckling off.

NEXT MONTH

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Bible Story

John, the Companion of Jesus

By Robert Bird

12. THE END—AND THE BEGINNING

JOHN did not know that anything would happen in the garden of olive trees with the moonlight in white patches on the grass, so quiet and still, after the laughing, talking crowds in the city streets. But as they walked along the pathway together he saw that a change had come over Jesus. His words, His voice, His face were different. He was no longer calm and confident, and His mind was troubled. Temptation was assailing Him—temptation to turn aside and avoid death.

HIGH PRIEST.

Asking John and James and Peter to come with Him, Jesus told the rest to wait behind. Looking at Him, John was concerned to see that Jesus was amazed and deeply moved. He said He was greatly troubled in spirit, even to death, and asked them to wait and watch while He prayed. What was John to watch for? He lay down on the warm grass and watched Jesus. He saw Him kneel and fall on His face, and heard Him praying, till he himself fell asleep, and was startled by the white figure of his Master at his side, telling him again to watch. Whom was he to watch? Again he saw Jesus on His face on the grass praying in agony for something to pass, and John slept again, and again he was wakened by Jesus at his side. But John, alas! could not keep awake, for his eyes were heavy. A third time he saw Jesus praying in agony of spirit, and yet again he slept and was roused. What he was to watch for was near. Gleaming through the low branches of the trees were the smoky torches of soldiers searching the garden. He sprang to his feet in terror; but Jesus was now calm.

He stood behind Jesus when the Temple guards came up, led by Judas, and he saw him go up to kiss his Master. He heard Jesus tell the men to take

Him and let the others go free. When the soldiers stepped forward at the word of command and laid hands on Jesus, John forgot everything but his own safety, and fled away to hide in the depths of the garden, thinking the soldiers would pursue him. And so did all the other disciples, some running out by the gate and away to the hills, others going along the road to Bethany, to tell their friends that Jesus was taken. But they were mistaken. The soldiers did not trouble about them. They only wanted Jesus.

* * * * * *

John still hoped that Jesus would be set free, as he followed Him along the street from one palace to another, for He was being sent to the all-powerful Roman judge who had declared Him innocent. Pilate could not go back on his own judgment. The women did not believe any man, Roman or Jew, would condemn Jesus to die. John's hopes became a certainty when, after again speaking privately with Jesus inside the palace, Pilate came out to the judgment-seat and announced to the priests that he would scourge Jesus and let Him go free.

PILATE.

John lamented that Jesus should be scourged at all. But he did not know the power of the Jewish rulers. He heard them threaten the Roman governor that, if he let Jesus go who had called Himself a king, they would inform his master, the Emperor Tiberius. They would have no king but Tiberius Cæsar. Their threats made Pilate pause, for they were charging him with treason to his emperor. The priests screamed for him to crucify Jesus—the punishment for traitors who plotted against Rome. Pilate hesitated. Instead of ordering his pikemen to drive the Jews out of his presence, he sat thinking, undecided what to do. He wished to please the powerful rulers, and put down all talk of treason against Cæsar, but he did not wish to injure the innocent. The emperor might punish him for putting an innocent man to death. It had happened to governors before.

While Pilate pondered the matter, John heard the priests calling to him, by way of encouragement, that they would take the whole blame. John saw that the cunning priests by their persistency were making an impression on the stern Roman. They had defeated Pilate before by yelling day and night under his windows. Was the life of one Jewish peasant worth all this trouble? Pilate thought. He was impatient. He rose to his feet with his mind made up, and to John's horror accepted the offer of the priests to take the whole blame, saying he would crucify Jesus. Pilate the terrible governor, Pilate the stern soldier, was afraid! He was no longer a just Roman judge in John's eyes, but a monster of cruelty, as he watched him sitting before the silent people washing his large hands in a basin of water as a sign. They were all witnesses that he was innocent of the death of this good man, he said grimly. O horrid hypocrisy! Even when condemning Jesus to die he called Him good! Pilate innocent of His Death!—the mighty Roman who by raising a finger could have saved Him!

All John's hopes fell to the earth. The women broke out into shrill lamentations as Jesus was led away by a soldier to be prepared for execution. He disappeared from their sight into the soldiers' hall of the castle, where no one might follow Him. But John heard that He was scourged there after the terrible Roman fashion, and that the soldiers played again their coarse mocking games, calling Him King of the Jews. They knew it was the only offence the governor cared anything about.

When John next saw Jesus He was coming out of the palace yard bearing a rough wooden cross on His shoulder. A soldier carried a board in front of Him, on which John read, written in white chalk, that this was Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews. It was Pilate's excuse to the Emperor Tiberius for the death of Jesus, but it was not the priests' reason. Crowds who had heard Him in the Temple came to see the sight of the young Prophet of Nazareth being crucified. His friends could do nothing to help Him, for He was in the iron grip of Roman soldiers who would strike down any one who interfered.

John followed with the women down the long paved street; but Jesus had not reached the city gate when John saw that, strong as He was, after the Roman scourging He was too weak to carry His cross. Amid cries of pity, he saw Him stumble and sink upon the ground, and the oaths and blows of the soldiers could not make Him struggle on any farther. John heard the women in the crowd screaming against the soldiers for their cruelty to One whom they had often seen going about doing good. They at least were not afraid to cry out against the soldiers and the rulers. Their cries may have had some effect, for the soldiers seized a countryman who was passing, and made him carry the cross. Jesus was grateful, and John heard Him say to the women the only words He had uttered for hours. They

were not to weep for Him, but for the trouble that would come upon them and their children.

On a mound by the roadside, a little way out of the city, that He might be a warning to the passers-by, John saw Jesus crucified. He seems to have got leave for Mary, the mother of Jesus, and her sister and Mary Magdalene to come inside the ring made by the soldiers to keep the crowd back. The crucifixion was carried out by a Roman officer who had no dislike to Jesus and despised the Jewish priests. He had probably heard Him speaking in the Temple, and would allow these weeping women the Roman privilege of relations of a criminal about to die. Mary would be allowed to speak with her Son, while John stood by as her friend. When the cross was put up, the Roman centurion let the four come closer still and stand at the foot until, by stretching out her hand, Mary could touch her Son. She could hear every word He said, and John heard Him praying to God to forgive the ignorant soldiers. Let us never forget, as we read John's writings, that he beyond all men could speak of what happened at the death of Jesus, for he was there and saw it.

The other women kept away from the soldiers, for women were not safe in such a crowd. They stood at a distance in a little group on a rising ground, weeping and looking. John's mother Salome, Mary of Bethany, and Martha, and other women of Jerusalem were there, but where were the disciples? Fear that they would be captured had taken possession of them. The eyes of Jesus often rested on His mother standing with John under the shadow of the cross, hoping even in her despair that her Son's life might be spared. A soldier, kinder than the rest, held up a sponge to His parched lips. Jesus had heard His mother weeping. "See thy son—see thy mother," He said, looking from one to another. We are not told what they answered, but John knew from that hour that he was to be a son to Mary.

He was still there when with a cry of agony Jesus died, and he heard the Roman officer say He must have been a good man. He led Mary away to the other women, and saw them sitting on the ground about her weeping and uttering loud cries, for they were going to stay and see what was done with the body. It was usual for the soldiers to dig a rough grave, but sometimes the body was thrown into the smoking Vale of Hinnom. The women wished to know what was done for reasons of their own.

When Mary was a young mother, pressing the baby Jesus to her heart in the Temple, she was told He would be great, but that a sword would pierce her soul; and when He was on the cross her soul was pierced indeed.

Birds in Winter

"WHEN we look out there, it makes us feel thankful that we have a nice cosy room to play in and a warm fire to sit beside."

It was Uncle George who spoke. His two nephews, Frank and Tom, stood at the window watching the birds feeding outside, while Dolly, their little sister, was busy with her picture-blocks on the carpet.

"Yes, it is better to be inside in winter," said Frank, the elder boy. "These poor little birds must have a hard time out in the cold all night."

"I should not mind being a bird during the rest of the year, though," said little Tom. "It must be so jolly to be able to fly wherever you like."

Uncle George smiled, and said, "Birds are very happy little creatures, Tom, but they have many enemies. Their lives are in constant danger. They must always be on the look-out for cats, hawks, guns, and cruel boys. Those birds that stay with us all the year round have often a hard fight for life in winter-time. In fact, many of them starve to death.

"Most of our birds fly to warmer countries in autumn, and come back to us in spring. These miss the frost and snow, but a great number of them get drowned while crossing the sea. I think, as a little boy, you are much better off.

"Let me see; have you put out any food for the birds this morning?"

"Yes, Uncle George, we have done exactly as you told us," said Frank. "Mother made a little net, which we filled with suet and scraps of meat for the tomtits. We hung it on the ivy, quite near the window. We also put plenty of crumbs and waste bits from the kitchen on the space you cleared for the birds yesterday."

"Very good," said Uncle George, "and I see your feathered friends are busy in both places."

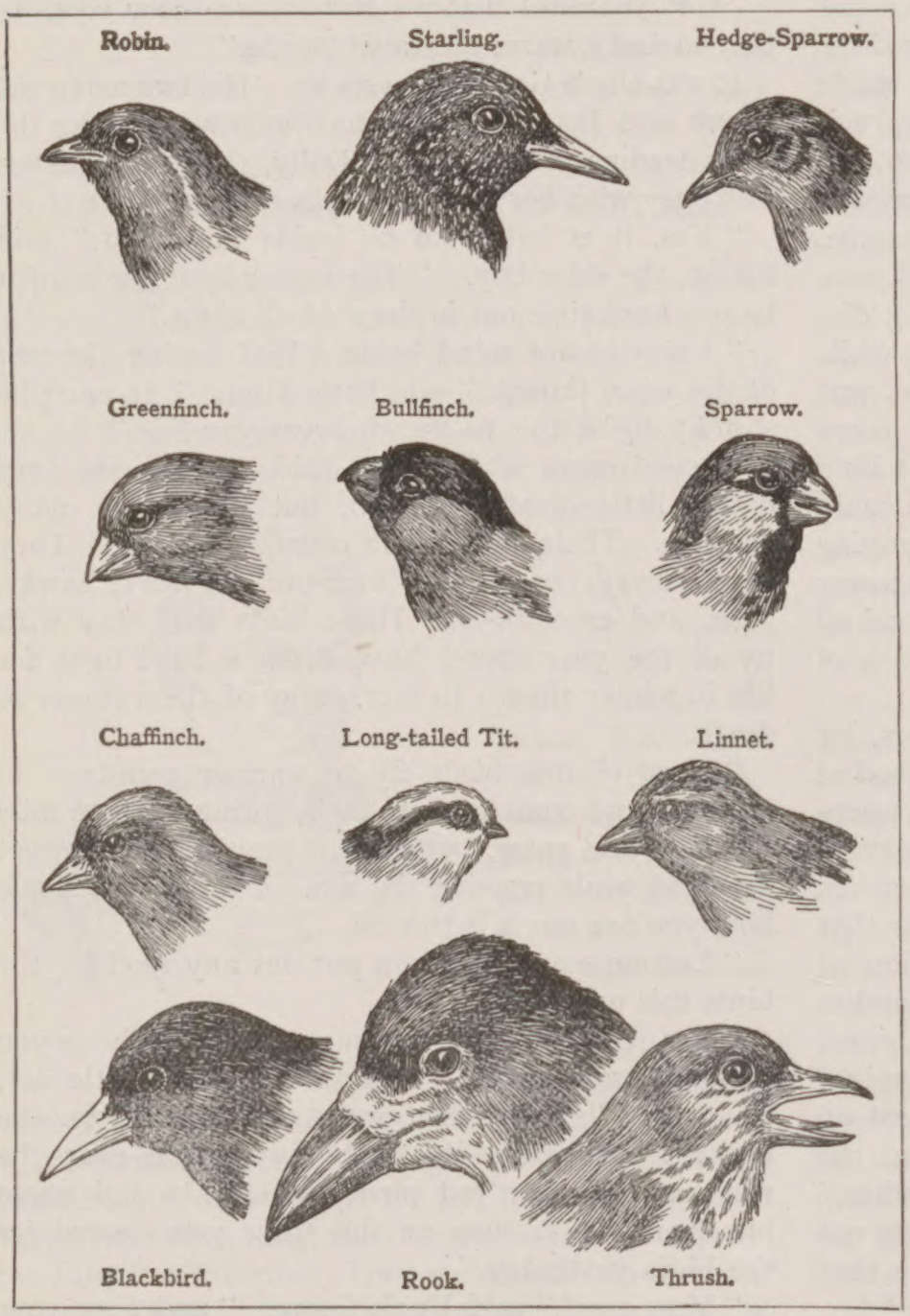
He looked out and saw a crowd of birds hopping on the frozen lawn round the well-filled dish. The little net, which hung just outside the window, was alive with hungry tomtits. They pecked eagerly at the suet, and chattered their thanks between every mouthful.

"What a lot of birds we have to-day," Uncle George remarked. "Do you know the names of them all, boys?"

"We know those you pointed out to us yesterday," said Frank. "There is the chaffinch, the thrush, the greenfinch, the blackbird, and the hedge-sparrow, but I don't know that one with the bright red breast, black velvet head, and grey wings. And there is a

new one among the tomtits. He has a very long tail, and is like a small parrot."

"Oh," said Uncle George, "the first you spoke of is the bullfinch. He is so easily tamed that he makes



a splendid pet. The hen bullfinch is there too, I see. She has a dull brown breast, and is not quite so pretty as her husband. The bullfinch is very fond of berries. If we could get some hawthorn or rowan berries, we should have all the bullfinches in the district around us. The other bird is the long-tailed tit. He is also a very amusing little chap."

"Why do the tomtits make such a fuss about the suet?" asked Tom. "The bullfinches do not come near it."

"That is because the tomtit is a flesh-eater, Tom. He lives on insects. The bullfinch feeds on berries and seeds. He is also blamed for eating the young buds of fruit-trees in spring-time, but I am not quite sure that he does this."

"Where are all the insects in winter, Uncle George?" asked Frank.

"Well, most of them are buried deep in the ground. Some of them are tucked up in warm cases, and hidden in the chinks of trees and walls."

"Then why don't the birds that feed on insects search those trees and walls for them?" Frank asked.

"So the birds do, but the sleeping insects are very hard to find. The cases which hold them are often coloured exactly like the tree or wall which they are fixed to; so that even the sharp eyes of a hungry bird cannot see them."

Four Parlour Games for Christmas Parties

The Clothes-pin Game

THE players are formed into two lines a few feet apart; at the top and bottom of the lines are two tables upon which as many pins as there are players are placed, and exactly divided into two heaps. The hands of all are crossed at the wrists. The first players of each line use the second player's right hand to pick up a pin. The latter in the same way passes it to the next player, and in this manner it goes through the lines to the table at the end, upon which the last players place it. Meanwhile, of course, the first players are sending other pins down the rows.

The line that succeeds in removing all the pins in the heap from one table to the other in the shortest time wins the game. The fun lies in the awkward manipulation of one's neighbour's hand. Should a pin be dropped in the process, it must be picked up by the umpire and returned to the top table, and throughout the game the wrists must be kept crossed.

Proverbs

One of the party retires while the rest decide upon a well-known proverb. When he returns, he stands in the centre of a semicircle. Some one taps three times with a stick, and at the third tap each player shouts one word of the proverb loudly and simultaneously. This is repeated three times, and it is amazing how difficult it is to distinguish even the most well-known proverb in the uproar.

Should one word give the key to the player not in the secret, the individual who speaks it takes his place. For instance, in the proverb, " All is not gold that glitters," it may happen that the word " glitters " provides the keynote. Therefore, he or she who speaks it takes the place of the one who guesses.

The proverb must contain as many words as there are players, and each shouts only the one word allotted to him.

The Game of Shadows

A white sheet is stretched against the wall, with a lamp immediately before it. All other lights are extinguished. One of the company sits on a chair or stool with eyes fixed on the sheet. Behind him the company files noiselessly, the while he endeavours to identify them by means of the shadows silhouetted on the screen.

Simple disguises are allowable and increase the fun. For example, a boy may don a girl's hat, a girl a boy's ; or a skirt or shawl may be draped over an Eton suit, thus concealing the wearer's identity. The one whose shadow betrays her takes the place of the player who identifies her.

Gardeners

Two rows, headed by a chosen captain, face each other. In turn they fire at each other the names of vegetables, flowers, or fruit, beginning with the letter A, and using in turn the other letters of the alphabet—asparagus, artichokes, apples, etc.

The players on each side set their wits to work to aid their captain when he shows signs of faltering. They are not allowed to speak aloud, their promptings being given in whispers, and this is where the fun comes in, for, when one is excited and eager to give a word, it is very difficult to remember to whisper, especially when placed at the tail of the line.

When a gardener and his side pause to remember a word the opposite side counts twenty slowly ; if at the end of that time their opponents still fail they forfeit a man. The game goes on until one captain has secured all his adversaries' followers. Should any one except the leaders speak aloud, he or she is obliged to cross to the other party.

When a captain surrenders he is obliged to go to the end of the line, and the next man takes his place. Wild flowers or plants are not allowed.

✢ ✢ ✢

JERROLD went to a party at which a Mr. Pepper had assembled all his friends. Jerrold said to his host on entering the room, " My dear Mr. Pepper, how glad you must be to see all your friends mustered ! "

SMILES

" The happy smiles of the young are the sunshine of the old "

Mistress. " Mary, another knife, please ! This one is not clean."

Mary. " Not clean, mum ! I'm sure it ought to be ! The last thing it cut was soap ! "

Sent in by KATHLEEN BRAZIERS,
6 Crofton Road, Milton, Portsmouth.

✢ ✢ ✢

Inquisitive Old Gentleman. " And what are you digging for, my good man ? "

Digger. " Money."

Inquisitive Old Gentleman. " You don't say so ! And when do you expect to find it ? "

Digger. " Saturday night ! "

Sent in by RUTH MANUEL,
Whitley Road, Thornhill, near Dewsbury, Yorks.

✢ ✢ ✢

MRS. M'SAUNDERS was busy preparing the dinner one day, when her young hopeful, Johnny, popped his head in at the door. Hearing the noise she exclaimed, " Is that you, Johnny ? "

" Ay, mither, it's me," replied Johnny.

" Weel, rin doon to M'Pherson's the butcher and see if he's got pigs' feet."

Johnny ran to do her bidding, but returned a few minutes afterwards, all out of breath, with the remark, " Na, mither, I couldna see, for he has his boots on."

Sent in by ALLAN STEVENSON,
Glenview, Chapelhall.

✢ ✢ ✢

MR. BROWN was showing some photos of himself at the seaside to his friend Mr. Smith. He came across a photo of himself sitting on the back of a donkey.

Brown. " Now don't you think that's just like me ? "

Smith. " Yes ; but who's that on your back ? "

Sent in by GEORGE MACDOUGALD,
" Dunolly," Stanwell Road, Ashford, Middlesex.

✢ ✢ ✢

AN Irishman named Pat, who was so unfortunate as to have lost an ear, was one day greeted by an Englishman, who had lost his nose, by the following : " 'Appy New 'Ear to you." To which Pat promptly replied, " Happy new nose to yer honour."

Sent in by LILLIE LINDSAY,
" Coolbawn," Cranmore Gardens, Belfast.

✢ ✢ ✢

" MY brother takes up Spanish, French, Italian, Hebrew, German, and Scotch."

" Where does he study all that ? "

" Study ? He doesn't study. He runs an elevator."

THE SUNSHINE CHILDREN

CHAPTER XV

THE RESCUE

HOW Ann's eyes shone! It was splendid of Noel to trust her to play her part. Splendid to be included in this task from which she no longer shrank.

To be left to wait, idle and helpless, whilst those we love go into danger, is always the worst of all tasks.

"Yes," said Ann; "I'll come."

"I knew you would," was all Noel said.

Con had already guessed what Noel meant to do, and was pushing with all his might to get the rock they had rolled over the entrance to the passage away. He had succeeded just as the others joined him.

"We shall have to go down in the dark," said Noel. "I've not got my torch."

There was no reply. Ann thought very hard of those two down there facing the angry waves. She would *not* be a coward now when courage was needed so badly.

It required a great deal more courage to-day to go down the smugglers' stair. Already the day was drawing in dark and gloomy; the hurricane increased, rain was beginning to fall, and the distant boom of thunder told that a storm was ready to break with unusual violence. Somehow the storm would be much more alarming as they listened to its echoes during their underground scramble.

Down, down, down, into the black darkness!

It was the creepiest job, but Ann still thought of Pamela and Audrey. It must be so much more awful for them, since they did not even know a rescue was coming!

Down, down, down!

Then a hand stretched up, and Con pulled her down beside him. "Half-way house," he said, in wonderfully cheery tones. "Noel is looking for the rope. This is where Mr. Trenaint left it."

Ann did not speak; she did wish she had not thought of the possibility that Noel, in his groping, might fall over the cliff ledge!

Presently she heard Noel give a little cry of relief. "Got it," he said; and Ann heard the rustle of rope being dragged along.

Down, down, down again. Then the second halt.

"Stand back, Ann," said Con in his coaxy way, "right here against the wall, whilst we feel for the ring. Say, Noel, that you?"

He had touched Noel's hand, not knowing his brother was so near.

"Now we want Ann," said Noel. "I've got the rope end through the ring. A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together!"

How different it seemed giving that pull now, to the time when raising the smugglers' trap-door had been just fun!

Back crashed the stone, and Ann heard Con sigh. She grabbed at his shoulder, but only found his curly hair.

"Did the stone fall on your foot, Con?" she asked anxiously.

"Only the corner," replied Con; "it's nothing. Say, it's better now we get a glimmer."

A glimmer of light had crept up from the cave below, and a tremendous din of warring waves and wind made it almost impossible for the rescuers to hear each other speak.

Con would have liked to offer to be the one to be lowered, but he knew his foot was too sore for him to be able to reach the girls, who would be out there amongst the rocks, too fearful of the darkness of the "haunted cave" to dare retreat into it until the last minute.

Noel had fastened the rope tightly to the ring in the stone, and already crawled towards the opening. There was no time to be lost. Bending low, he could see the water creeping in and beating with soft swishing against the walls of the cave. Evidently Pamela and Audrey were clinging to their rocks rather than trust themselves here.

Ann pressed Noel's hand with her lips. She would not speak for fear she let him know how frightened she was. For oh! how much easier it was to slide down into the cave than it would be to climb up! And Ann knew Noel would never climb up himself unless the girls were safe first.

Meantime, Noel was already splashing through the shallow water. Outside he was positively startled by the sight that met his eyes. The storm had gathered with surprising suddenness, and already the lightning zigzagged from the black clouds overhead, the thunder boomed, but was out-roared by the tumult of the great

waves which down here seemed to rise to mountain heights before they flung themselves crashing amongst the rocks. Foam and spray were caught by the hurricane and flung against the cliff; the rain was driven slantwise, striking and lashing every object like stinging whips.

But, though Noel staggered for a moment as he went out to meet the storm, his fighting blood was aglow. Before him he saw those two poor children, kneeling behind a huge boulder, clasped together in silent anguish. Noel could not have attracted their attention, though he knew every second was precious. Scrambling, slipping, reeling, he hurried forward, watching in horror as another mountain billow fell with a roar, completely covering the girls for a moment in its cloud of spray.

Pamela staggered up, dragging her friend to her feet. They *must* reach the cave. They *must!* There might be the faintest hope of climbing out of reach of those pursuing waters. As she turned she saw Noel — they both saw Noel, who waved his arm as he ran across a strip of shingle towards them. And there was a brave smile on the boy's face — hope in his eyes.

SCRAMBLING, SLIPPING, REELING, HE HURRIED FORWARD.

Oh, I could never, never tell you what Pamela and Audrey felt like at that moment; but they both came reeling forward, crying, "Save us! Save us! Oh, Noel, save us!"

Noel was by their side now. He had caught Audrey as she slipped on a smooth white rock. "Guess it's only God can do that," said he. "But there's the cave—and a way up. We'll come through all right, please God; but you must be brave. Say!"

They did not reply, but they tried to smile—such a smile! Sea water and salt tears ran down their pale faces. They clutched Noel's hands in a vice. But Noel knew they were not rescued yet. At their back they heard the roaring of the enemy in pursuit; the seething waters rushed round their feet, reaching at times to Audrey's knees. Drenched and chilled they hurried on. The storm darkness made night of the afternoon, excepting when lightning lit up the wild scene.

They had reached the cave — Black Roglan's Cave. Noel felt Pamela's hand quiver, but she did not draw back. She trusted this boy, whom she had so often called "that common American."

"There's the rope," shouted Noel. "Catch hold! Can you climb?"

Pamela pushed Audrey forward. "You — first," she panted.

Audrey did not stop to argue. She grabbed the rope.

Down through the cave thundered the in-rushing waves. How fast it would be filling!

"I can't climb!" whimpered Audrey.

Above Noel could faintly see Con's face. "Pull!" he yelled.

The rope quivered. "I'll fall!" shrieked Audrey. But she clung on as a drowning kitten clings to a plank.

Con and Ann must have pulled with a will.

Safe!

Ann caught Audrey's frock round the waist and hauled her in and up to safety.

"You've hurt me," sobbed Audrey. "How rough you are! Oh dear, oh dear! can the waves come up here?"

Ann thrust the rope into the speaker's hands.

"Pull," she said. "Pull, or I guess we'll never get Pamela up." And something in Ann's voice made Audrey forget her discomforts and fears.

Ann's own hands were torn and bleeding with the friction of the rope, but she hardly felt the pain. She knew what the next few minutes meant to herself and others—knew that so much depended on her courage and strength. She must *pull, pull*—or it would be too late to send the rope down again for Noel.

And Audrey, shamed by the passion in Ann's demand, gave her help too. Gradually the rope was wound up; slowly Pamela's head came into view. Pamela was stronger and, I think, pluckier than her friend had been. She managed to clutch the sides of the rock flooring and help Con and Ann to drag her up to safety.

Only Noel now! Only Noel! But oh, what a thundering and roaring filled the cave!

Con hardly dared lean over for fear of what he might see, and at first, to his horror, it seemed that the whole cave was filled by spray. *He could not see Noel!* Had a monster wave already rushed on its prey and swept him out to death in the great storm? Then the white mist of water cleared a little, and there was Noel perched on a ledge below. He was drenching wet and chilled to the bone, but he stretched out his arms for the rope end.

Con grew grim. He must not miss in throwing. Doubling the noosed end he threw it out. Ah! Had Noel missed? No, no. He had grabbed, and Con felt the sudden jerk of a heavy weight as his brother, over-balancing for a moment, fell forward into the receding waters. But he held firm to the rope, just as Con held the other end.

No need for a long pull or a strong pull, eh? Only a matter of keeping the rope taut. Some matter, though; and Con's gaze was glued to the frayed strands slowly giving under the repeated strains. Strand by strand!—and if the rope gave way Noel must fall back into the water, which was again, and more rapidly, filling the cave, and be drowned.

Strand by strand!—

Ann saw the danger too, and crouched to give *her* help to the climber. Here he came—pale, wet, but brave still; brave and smiling as he crept all too slowly upwards.

Snap!

Ann's lean arms shot out and clutched just in time. Con dropped the useless rope and grabbed too. There was a moment or two of desperate fighting, in which Pamela did her utmost to help, then Noel fell sideways upon the floor.

The waves thundered in vain for their prey! Thank God!—all were saved!

It was Con who urged that the sooner they "bucked up" and climbed the stair the better.

No one else spoke. Pamela was fighting back hysterical tears; Audrey hardly realized what was going on.

Up, up through the darkness. Up, up, with oh, such thankful hearts—such whispered prayers of gratitude! And then out once more into a storm which had somehow lost its greater terror. The wind still shrieked, the waves still thundered below, the booming of the storm could be heard more clearly up here; but oh—but oh, thank God, the prisoners on the shore had escaped—they had escaped!

"You two—go home," yelled Noel to Con and Ann. "I'll—I'll take—the—the others up to—the Court."

And neither Pamela nor Audrey had breath or courage enough to protest.

Ann and Con, too, were quite obedient. Poor little Ann had come to the end of her tether, and the sooner those sore hands of hers were looked to the better. Con put his arm about her and limped off; but, as Noel and his charges turned to battle their way home to the Court, they heard a cheerful voice lilting against the storm,—

"Yankee Doodle came to town
On a lit—tle pony."

There never *was* such a cheery fellow as that Con. Maybe he was thinking of *tea!*

* * * * * *

Every one at Rock Grange was in a bustle, just as half an hour earlier every one had been in a panic.

Uncle Bob and every other member of the household had been in a terrible state of mind when they discovered the children were not in the long shed where they were supposed to be.

Amos, covered in sacks, had gone down to the village to make inquiries about them, and had only just returned with the alarming tale that they had been seen early in the afternoon going towards the cliffs, when, to the intense relief of the anxious watchers, two little draggled figures came limping up the drive.

Rose threw her apron over her head and wept for joy. Hetty cried out that Master Noel had not come; whilst Uncle Bob forgot all about lumbago and rheumatism as he opened the door to welcome the wanderers. Louisa, who had been the gloomiest of prophets as to the fate of those "poor, precious lambs," now showed the greatest readiness in scolding and upbraiding those naughty, thoughtless children.

Ann and Con were really too exhausted to defend themselves, though they explained breath-

lessly that Noel was all right and would be following them.

"It's a good scolding he wants, too," said Louisa. "And punishment as well. Worrying your good Uncle, turning the house upside down, and scaring us all silly. There's that young Dick Tenharden in the kitchen, crying his eyes out, as though we weren't havin' water enough! And Rose spoilin' her cakes and comin' near to losin' her head into the bargain. Off you both go, now, to your rooms, and it's hot baths you'll have, and bed too, which is the only way of savin' you from pewmonia."

But the idea of *bed* was received with such groans that even Louisa yielded, especially when Uncle Bob substituted—better dry clothes and *tea!*

It would have been sad, would it not, to refuse such a hero and heroine their tea? But Ann and Con didn't say a word about being hero or heroine; though that did not matter, for scarcely had they come downstairs again, than Sir Julian's car stopped at the door, and out dashed Sir Julian and a smaller figure bundled in clothes much too big for him.

The storm was passing, though the thunder still grumbled in the distance, and rain fell heavily.

Uncle Bob came hurrying into the hall, where a big fire blazed cosily, and after him came Con and Ann. I am quite sure Louisa, Rose, *and* Dick hovered in the passage near, whilst Hetty stood by the door, all agape to hear what could have brought the Squire with Master Noel, who was plainly wearing some of the Squire's clothes!

Sir Julian gripped both Uncle Bob's hands silently, then turned to Ann and Con. He was trying to master his emotion as he bent to kiss Ann's rosy face.

"God bless you all," he said huskily. "You brave, gallant children. I—I do not know what words to use in thanking you and this splendid brother of yours."

"What's this?" asked Uncle Bob. "What have my young people been up to, Polwillan? They have not told me yet what kept them out in the storm, eh? I *think*, though——"

Sir Julian rested one hand on Noel's shoulder as, in husky tones, he told the story of his little daughter's rescue.

"Pamela and Audrey tell me," he added, "they can never forget the heroism of these three bairns, and how Noel risked his life in coming to them through the storm. They will be the proudest girls in Cornwall if they may call their brave rescuers friends in future. As for Pamela's mother and myself, we—we can never——" He broke down there, and I know that round the corner of the passage Louisa wiped her eyes in a hasty sort of way as if she did not wish to be seen crying!

Uncle Bob looked round at the three young faces near him. Noel was frowning, as though he hated praise; Ann was smiling through her own tears; whilst Con looked pensively towards where, through the open door, he could see one of Rose's *best* teas spread in readiness.

A smile lurked in the corner of Uncle Bob's eyes as he concluded Sir Julian's speech.

"God bless our Sunshine children," he said softly.

And it was Dick Tenharden's voice which shouted, "Hooray!"

THE END.

Childhood of Famous People

5. Sir John Franklin

(*Continued*)

THAT glorious battle of the Baltic was young Franklin's baptism of fire, and it was a dreadful experience for the small midshipman. He himself escaped unhurt, but around him were the dead and dying, their groans mingling in his ears with the roar of the guns. The sea was covered with pieces of wreckage lit up by the lurid light of burning ships, and as they anchored in Elsinore harbour and he looked over into the clear water, he could see the dead bodies lying thick there at the bottom, English and Danes together.

But there was a glorious side as well to the horrors of that day. Such deeds of daring and bravery had been done as made John's heart glow with pride to think that he had had even the smallest share in the great victory. It was the unconquerable spirit of the English sailor which made Nelson that day clap his blind eye to the telescope, and refuse to see the signal to retire, as he nailed his colours to the mast and fought on until the Danes were beaten.

No wonder that the little midshipman was proud to belong to such a navy and such a country, and he was surer than ever that there was nothing in all the world so fine as to be an English sailor. His only fear now was that he might miss the chance of going on an expedition to the South Seas, which it had been arranged that he should join, before sailing for Elsinore, but luckily for him the *Polyphemus* was ordered home at once after the great battle, and he was just in time to be transferred to the *Investigator*, which was bound on a voyage of discovery. The captain,

Matthew Flinders, was an uncle of young Franklin, and took a special interest in the boy and spared no pains to turn him out a good sailor.

" It is with great pleasure," he wrote home, " that I tell you of the good conduct of John. He is a very fine youth, and there is every probability of his doing credit to the *Investigator* and himself. His attention to his duty has gained him the esteem of the first Lieutenant, who scarcely knows how to talk enough in his praise."

It must not be imagined that it was all smooth sailing for John, and that everything was made charming for him on board. He had his own hard work to do, and many a hardship to endure besides a certain amount of bullying. One of the officers especially took advantage of the boy's keenness and made him do a great deal of extra work, taking all the credit of it to himself. John naturally resented this, but he never complained, and doggedly got through both his own share of work and that of the lazy bully, which certainly did him no harm.

It was not long, however, before his time on board the *Investigator* came to a sudden end. The ship was a poor one and quite untrustworthy, and at the first breakdown it was found impossible to repair her. There was nothing for it but to ship all the crew back to England in another vessel, and it was only the beginning of a long series of misadventures.

The vessel on which the crew of the *Investigator* set sail was wrecked almost immediately afterwards in the Torres Straits, and it was only with great difficulty that the men managed to land on a sandbank and to save stores enough to keep them from starving. It was quite as exciting as any Robinson Crusoe adventure, and not nearly so pleasant, for the sandbank was much worse than a desert island. The only thing to be done was to rig up tents for shelter and hoist a blue ensign with the Union Jack on a tall spar, in the hope that some passing ship might see their signal of distress.

There was luckily enough food to last them for some time, and so it was decided that one of the six-oared boats should be manned and the captain should try and find his way back to Sydney and bring relief.

It was weary waiting week after week on the desolate sandbank, watching the provisions grow less and less, but John always kept up a stout heart, and at last there was a cry of wild delight as the look-out man caught sight of a sail bearing towards them. It was the relief boats at last, and no time was lost in taking the men off and arranging for their return to England.

Young Franklin with some others of the crew were shipped to Canton, where they found a fleet of homeward-bound merchantmen, and so once more gaily set sail for home.

In those days it was no uncommon fate for a merchantman to be captured on the high seas by an enemy or taken by a privateer, and so they all carried guns and were as ready to fight as a man-o'-war. As luck would have it, scarcely had young Franklin set sail again towards home when a powerful French squadron was sighted which bore down upon them, evidently expecting to make an easy and valuable capture.

Now instead of running away as the French naturally expected them to do, the merchantmen turned about and prepared to give fight, which mightily astonished the enemy, and so well did the guns behave that in a quarter of an hour the French drew off, having had more than enough. Then came the order from the English commander for a " general chase," and the little fleet of merchantmen actually drove the French squadron of war before them for nearly two hours. Then at last the commander considered that his honour was satisfied, and recalled his pursuing ships and proceeded once more on his way.

It is not difficult to picture the delight of young Franklin in that extraordinary chase, and it was no wonder he was proud of being a British sailor, born to rule the waves. Arrived at home, the boy was specially mentioned in the captain's report : " I beg leave to present to the notice of the Hon. Court, Mr. Franklin and Mr. Olive, midshipmen in His Majesty's navy, who were cast away with Lieutenant Fowler in the *Porpoise*, and who were, as well as that gentleman, passengers for England on board the *Earl Camden*. Whatever may have been the merits of others, theirs in their station were equally conspicuous, and I should find it difficult in the ship's company to name any one who for zeal and alacrity of service and for general good conduct could advance a stronger claim to approbation and reward."

That was surely a good home-coming for young John, and a good testimony that his love for the sea was no idle fancy or desire to shirk work. In spite of all the dangers and disasters, the boy had enjoyed every bit of it, and was full of a " cheery contentment."

He could no longer now be called a child, but he was still but a young midshipman when he fought at the Battle of Trafalgar and once more shared the glory of a victory under Nelson, a victory which made the British flag " supreme on every sea."

But the young sailor's heart was set on something else besides the glory of victorious fighting. The keen love of discovery, the call of the unknown, was in his blood, and, like many another of England's

heroes, he could not rest while there was a blank space upon the map to be filled in.

To discover the North-West Passage was the dream of his life, and there, among the ice-walls of his Arctic prison, he laid down his life fighting to the last to conquer the unknown. The boy who had answered so faithfully the call of the sea, who had fought for king and country, was of the stuff indeed of which England's heroes are made, and although the place where he was buried is unknown, and so has nothing to mark it as the grave of a hero, yet in Westminster Abbey is a fitting epitaph engraved in marble, as it is graven on many an English heart :

"Not here! the white North hath thy bones, and thou,
Heroic sailor soul,
Art passing on thy happier voyage now
Towards no earthly pole."

Picture Children

7. The Child Christ and St. Christopher

THE picture of a giant carrying a child, which appears on the next page, was painted by an Italian artist named Titian, to illustrate an old story. Titian painted this picture upon a staircase wall in a palace in the great city of Venice; and a view of Venice, though not a very clear one, may be seen upon the picture itself.

The old legend that Titian has illustrated runs as follows :—

There was once in the land of Canaan a giant whose name was Offero. This name means "the bearer," and it was given to the giant because he was very tall and strong, and therefore able to bear heavy burdens with ease. Offero thought it would be a pity for so strong a man to serve any but the richest and most powerful king, so he set out to find the greatest monarch upon the earth.

For many days the giant wandered, and at last he found a king who was said to be the richest and most powerful in the world. Offero went to the palace of this king, and served him for a long time; but one day a minstrel was singing a song to the king, and in this song the name of Satan was mentioned. Offero noticed that whenever the minstrel sang about Satan the king seemed to be much afraid.

Offero asked his royal master why he was afraid, but for a long time the king would not tell him. At last Offero said that if the king would not tell him why he was afraid he would go away. Then the king, who did not wish to lose his useful servant, told him he was afraid that Satan might gain great power over him.

Then Offero knew that there was some one who was mightier than his master, and who could make the king afraid. "My master must fear no one," said the giant; and he went out to find Satan, so that he might serve him.

While he was searching he happened one day to be crossing a desert, where he saw a company of knights. The leader of this band was a frightful being, horrible to look upon.

"Where are you going?" asked this leader when he saw Offero.

"I go to seek Satan, to take him as my master," said Offero.

"*I* am Satan," said the stranger; "you will find my service easy and pleasant."

They all went on together until they came to a place where a cross was standing by the side of the track. Satan seemed to be afraid of this, for instead of keeping to the track across the desert he went a great way round, and so came upon the path again a long way beyond the cross.

"Why did you leave the path to take us over that rough ground?" asked Offero. Satan would not tell him, and at last the giant said that unless Satan would tell him he would be his servant no longer.

Then Satan replied that there had once lived a man named Christ, who had been crucified upon a cross like that; and that whenever he saw a cross he was afraid.

Offero saw at once that if Satan was afraid of Christ, then Christ must be more powerful than Satan; and he made up his mind to find Christ and serve Him.

He wandered off again, and during his rambles he found a hermit, and asked him some questions about Christ. "Is He the greatest King of all?" was one of the questions that Offero asked.

"Yes," replied the hermit; "for His power is over heaven as well as over earth; and it will last for ever, for He will never die."

Then Offero asked how he would be able to serve Christ. The hermit told him that Christ would put hard tasks upon him, and he would have to fast and pray. The giant replied that he would not fast, for that would take away his strength, and then he would not be able to serve anybody. As for praying, he did not know how to pray.

"Well," said the hermit, "if you want to use your strength, there is a wide and deep river not far away; and when the rains come and make it rush along swiftly to the sea, many people are drowned in trying to cross it. Go there, and help the weak ones and the little ones. Carry them across

on your broad back; and if this good work pleases Christ, He will take you as His servant."

Offero went to the stream, and on one of its banks he built a hut. Then he tore up a tall tree by the roots to carry as a staff; and with this in his hands he strode backwards and forwards through the deep, swift river, carrying people across; and from the time that he went there not a single man, woman, or child was drowned.

One night, when the giant was asleep in his hut, he heard a child calling, "Offero, Offero; come out and carry me over the river." The giant ran out, but he could not find any one in the darkness. "I must have been dreaming," he said; and he went back and tried to sleep again.

Then he heard the voice a second time, "Offero, Offero; come out and carry me over the river." Once more he rushed out. He could hear the wind roaring; he could see great black clouds rushing across the sky; he could see the tall trees bending before the storm, and the heavy waves of the wide, full river dashing upon the bank: but he could see no one there.

He went back to bed, though he knew he could not sleep; and he lay thinking about the voice, when he heard it a third time: "Offero, Offero; come and carry me over the river." He leaped from his bed, and went out once more with a lantern; and this time he found a little child on the bank of the river. He lifted the little one upon his left shoulder, and taking his staff in his hands began to wade across the river, as we see him in the picture.

Soon the wind blew harder, and the waters rose higher and dashed against the giant with a sound like thunder. Then Offero noticed a very strange thing. The little child began to grow heavier and heavier, and strong as the giant was he soon felt as if he could not carry the boy any farther. If he had left the child to drown, Offero might have reached the bank quite easily; but he would not do that. He would rather drown himself than leave the little child to perish.

The water became deeper, the waves higher, and the child heavier; but with the help of his staff Offero struggled on, and at last he reached the other side. Placing the child on the bank, he said: "Child, who art thou? Had I borne the whole world upon my shoulders, it could not have been heavier."

"Marvel not," said the child; "for thou hast borne on thy shoulders Him who made the world. I am Christ, the King whom thou hast served in this work. That thou mayest know I speak the truth, plant thy staff in the earth, and it will bear flowers and fruit."

The child vanished. And when Offero returned to his hut he set his staff in the earth, near his door; and next morning when he awoke he found it was like a palm tree, bearing leaves and dates. Now he was a happy man, for at last he knew that he was serving the most powerful king in the world. And from that time he was called Christ-Offero, the Christ-bearer; and this is the name we know now in our language as Christopher.

Motto for December

Govern the lips,
As they were palace doors, the king within;
Tranquil and fair, courteous be all words
Which from thy presence win.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

Sent in by RUTH JONES,
Harthill C.E. School, Chester,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

Our Competitions

Rules for Competitors

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules :—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the back page of the cover of the current number of the paper. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one* of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing* and *neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers received later than December 15 will be considered.

[*We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.*]

Competitions for December

For all Ages up to Fifteen

ESSAY COMPETITION

Write an essay on your favourite story-book character.

JUMBLED PROVERBS

Each of the following sentences or phrases is a well-known proverb with the letters transposed and recombined. What are the proverbs ?

1. Avery dodges his hay.
2. As your sealed garden.
3. Wooden nose swings.
4. I have lent fawn yarn ; no red rift.
5. Veil flair ! All had pew.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Design a Christmas card, and colour it either with water-colours or chalks.

For Children under Twelve only

COMPOSITION COMPETITION

Write a short story about the picture on this page.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Make a drawing of Santa Claus, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

HISTORICAL PUZZLE

Each of the following sentences contains the name of a person well known in British History. Who are they ?

1. He cracked the nuts and placed the kernels on the hob.
2. I am afraid you can't help it, Tommy.
3. He is very fond of jam, especially strawberry.
4. As he crept along the wall, a certain man spied him.
5. The apple was half red and half green.
6. The king left Braemar yesterday for London.
7. Either sing or don't open your mouth.
8. The knight raised the heart, hurled it amid his foes, and exclaimed, "Forward, gallant heart!"
9. Then rye-grass is not so good as clover ?
10. The happy maid sang at her work all through the long day.

THE BULLY.
(By William Mulready.)

For Children under Ten only

LETTER COMPETITION

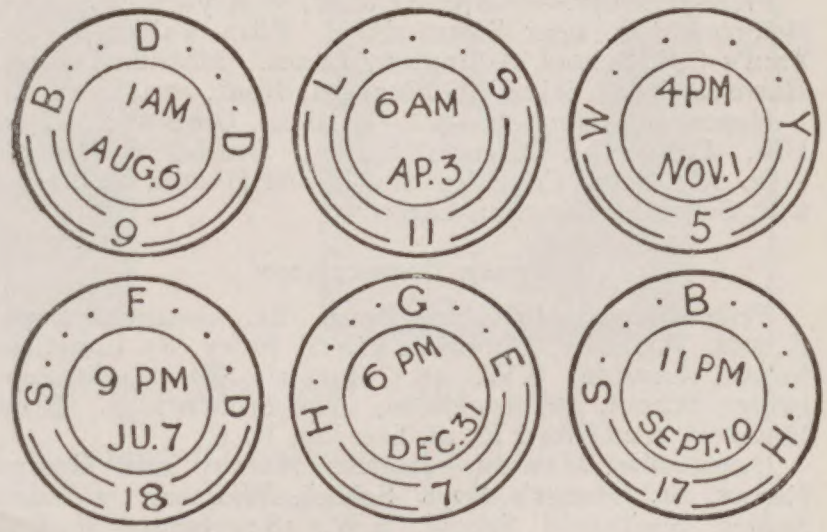
Write a letter to the Editress dealing with Christmas Presents.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Make a drawing of a Santa Claus Stocking, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

POSTMARK COMPETITION

The postman brought six parcels on Christmas morning to a certain little girl and boy. Here are the post-



marks which were on the parcels. Can you tell what towns in England they had come from ?

Motto Competition

All readers may enter this competition. A book prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

A "Smiles" Competition

A Book Prize will be given for the brightest "Smile" sent in this month.

Prize List for October

ESSAY COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Alfred Sagar, 3 Lennox Street, Worsthorne, near Burnley. John G. Hill, Hillmount, Balfour Avenue, Whitehead, Co. Antrim. Betty Taylor, 7 Queen Street, Inverurie.

Honourable Mention.—Malcolm Upton and Victor Harris, The Southfield School, Wandsworth, S.W. 18; Doreen Buss, Midhurst; Ethel Aitkinson, Worsthorne; Blanche Smith, Blackburn.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Prize-Winners.—Olga Billington, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester. C. H. Brown, The Southfield School, Wandsworth, S.W. 18.

Honourable Mention.—Arthur Holden and Lambert Whittaker, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington; Edith Heal and W. Hewson, The Southfield School, Wandsworth, S.W. 18.

FIFTEEN SQUARE COMPETITION

The following sent in the neatest correct solutions :—

Prize-Winners.—Edith Heal, The Southfield School, London, S.W. 18. Edith Brindle, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington, Lancs. Mary M'Cormick, 23 Cardigan Road, Birkdale, Southport. Molly Millar, Clarehill, Aghadowey, Co. Derry.

Honourable Mention.—Dorothy Linsey and Doris Boucher, Barnsole Road Girls' School, Gillingham; Sybil Plumb, Milton, Portsmouth; Betty Dickson, Sion Mills; Basil Hoskins and Margaret Allen, Southfield School, S.W. 18; Barbara Poingdestre, Bromley; Ina Wilson, Ballydare; May King, Fulham, S.W. 6; Norman Dodds, Carlisle; Joe Russell, Strabane; Lillie Lindsay, Belfast; Jeanie E. M'Keernan, Aghadowey.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Marjorie Butler, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge. Eliza Valentine, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington, Lancs. Matilda Desson, Barnsole Road School, Gillingham, Kent.

Honourable Mention.—Rhoda Blake, Gosport; Alison Hill, Petworth; Brenda Sadler, Southfield School, S.W. 18; Mary Critchley and Mabel Hough, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington, Lancs.

VERSE COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Harold Jones, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey, Cheshire. Cyril Foley, 85 Longfield Street, London, S.W. 18. Marjorie Moore, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge. Nora Hambly, 112 Orford Road, London, E. 17.

Honourable Mention.—Ronald Harvey and George Escott, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey; Edward Sadler, Southfield School, S.W. 18; Bessie Morley, Barnsole Road School, Gillingham; Maurice Broad, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Ronald Greenwood, Worsthorne, near Burnley; R. Blake, Gosport; William Ledingham, Newbattle, Dalkeith; Freda Tilley, Grimsby.

PECULIAR INSECTS COMPETITION

[The answers to this puzzle are :—Gnat, ant (antelope, elephant); beetle, bee; wasp, paws, asp; hornet, horn.]

The following are the neatest of the correct solutions sent in :—

Prize-Winners.—Megan Williams, 288 Anfield Road, Liverpool. Arnold P. Austin, Woodcroft, Fernleigh Road, Grange-over-Sands.

Honourable Mention.—Betty Dickson, Sion Mills, Co. Tyrone; Noel Zamorano, St. George's Road Boys' School, Wallasey; William J. Ashford, Southfields, S.W. 18; Annie Lemon, Saintfield, Co. Down; Reggie Beach, Rubery, Birmingham.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Prize-Winners.—Albert Hossbach, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey, Cheshire. Kathleen M. Line, 10 Grenville Drive, Cambuslang, Glasgow.

Honourable Mention.—Hilda Bourne and Marjorie Moore, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; C. Chamberlain, Southfields, S.W. 18; Beth Robinson, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester.

LETTER COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Irene Bishop, Barnsole Road Girls School, Gillingham, Kent. Ronald Harvey, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey, Cheshire. Olga Singleton, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester. Peggy Hambly, 112 Orford Road, London, E. 17. Arthur Baxter, The Brow, Hesketh Bank, near Preston.

Honourable Mention.—Freda May Wood, Bedminster, Bristol; Lorna Ogilvie, Stewarton; John Bridge and Isabel Shand, Worsthorne Council School, Burnley; Philip Goode, Rubery, Birmingham; Eric Bibby, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey; Joan Stevens, Rednal, Birmingham; Sheila Burrough, Putney, S.W. 15; John Hodgkiss and Margaret Skinner, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Rene Gray and Nan Johnstone, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Prize-Winners.—Frederick Seabourne, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge. Elfreda Elford, St. Mary's Vicarage, Holbury Junction, Wakefield.

Honourable Mention.—Phyllis Ogbourne, Henbury C.E. School, near Bristol; Brenda Ormrod, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Margaret Skinner and Frederick Webster, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton.

WORD-MAKING COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Mary E. Walker, Croft House, Downham Market, Norfolk. Ian Warnock, 34 Francis Street, Newtownards, Co. Down. Lorna Ogilvie, The Manse, Stewarton. George Simpson, 269 Holmlea Road, Cathcart, Glasgow.

Honourable Mention.—Ruby Lemon, Saintfield; Ella Pilcher, Portsmouth; Sheila M. Burrough, Hotham Road School, Putney, S.W. 15; Nancy Andrew, Broadstone; Hilda M'Ilwaine, Armagh; James Craig Johnson, Muckamore; Margaret Pearson, Bootle; Eveline Wilson, Milton, Portsmouth; Dorothy Staves, Sidmouth Street School, Hull; Nana M'Faul, Coleraine; Nina Addison, Lisburn; George Escott, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey; Nora Hambly, London; Cyril Manning, Harthill C.E. School.

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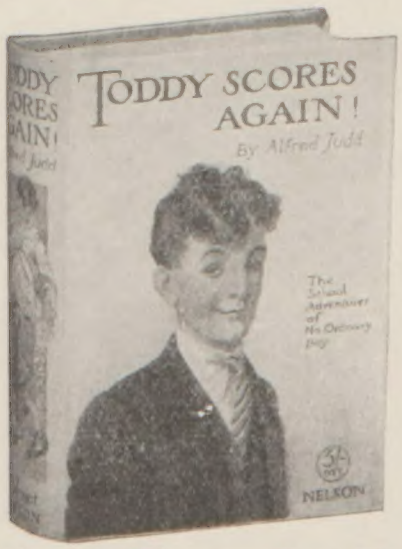

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